ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!

People Searching for Peace of Mind through...

PSYCHOANALYSIS

NO. 4
JAN

2.50
4.00
CANADA

THE
CHIATRIST

FREDDY
CARTER

MARK
STONE

Kamen

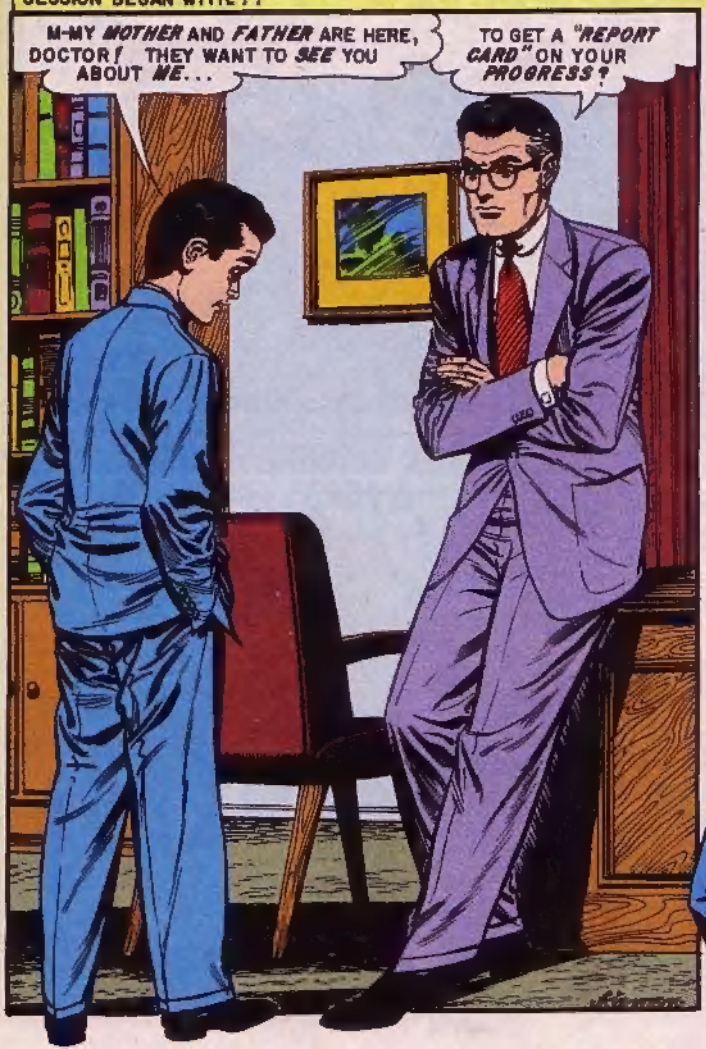
CASE NO. 101 · MALE

PATIENT'S NAME:

SESSION 4

FREDDY CARTER

BY HIS FOURTH SESSION, A CLEAR INSIGHT INTO FRED CARTER'S PROBLEMS HAD BEEN GAINED. HIS HYPOCHONDRIA... HIS BAD PERSONALITY REACTION TO LIFE'S SITUATIONS... HIS UNRESOLVED OEDIPAL LEANING TOWARD HIS MOTHER AND HIS GUILT FEELINGS TOWARD THAT LEANING HAD ALL BEEN EXAMINED. PULLED IN ONE DIRECTION BY A DOMINEERING, HARD-DRIVING FATHER WHO EMPHASIZED MANLY SUCCESS... AND TUGGED IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION BY A SENTIMENTAL, DOTING MOTHER WHO STRESSED CULTURE AND THE ARTS... THE PATIENT (AGE:15) HUNG PARALYZED IN THE MIDDLE... SUSPENDED... CONFUSED... NOT KNOWING WHICH WAY TO TURN... CAUSING UNHAPPINESS TO HIMSELF AND TO HIS PARENTS WHO'D TRIED SO CRUELLY TO INFLUENCE HIS LIFE. FRED'S FOURTH SESSION BEGAN WITH...



THERE WON'T *BE* ANY MORE ANALYSIS AFTER *TODAY!* DAD'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MR. AND MRS. CARTER?

WE CERTAINLY *DO!* AND FOR THE *LAST TIME!* DOCTOR, THIS WHOLE ANALYSIS HAS BEEN A *WASTE OF TIME!* FRED HASN'T CHANGED *ONE IOTA* SINCE HE'S STARTED COMING HERE!

HERE! LOOK AT THIS *REPORT CARD!* AN ABSOLUTE *DISGRACE!* FRED HAS FAILED *EVERY SUBJECT* THAT QUALIFIES HIM FOR *ENGINEERING SCHOOL!* HIS HIGHEST MARK IN ANY OF THEM IS *50!*

AND YOU HOLD THE *ANALYSIS* RESPONSIBLE FOR IT?

WELL... I... I MUST ADMIT THAT FOR THE PAST FEW *YEARS,* FRED'S MARKS *HAVE* BEEN WRETCHED! BUT WHERE HAS YOUR ANALYSIS *HELPED?* HIS MARKS ARE *STILL* MISERABLE!

NOT *ALL* OF HIS MARKS I SEE, MR. CARTER! WHAT ABOUT THIS *90* IN *HISTORY*... THIS *95* IN *ENGLISH?*

OH, *THOSE!* FREDDY'S *ALWAYS* EXCELLED IN HISTORY... ENGLISH... ART... AND THAT BOSH! IT'S THOSE *OTHER* GRADES! *THAT'S* WHERE I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO STRAIGHTEN HIM *OUT!*

PERHAPS, MR. CARTER, THIS REPORT CARD IS MERELY A *MIRROR* OF YOUR SON'S *DIFFICULTIES?*

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT MIRRORS! FRED'S SIDING WITH HIS MOTHER *AGAINST* ME! IN THE SUBJECTS *SHE* ENCOURAGES, HE DOES *FABULOUSLY!* IN THE ONES THAT *I* WANT HIM TO DO WELL IN, HE *FLUNKS OUT! DELIBERATELY,* I SAY...

AND *YOU* SAY THAT A BOY WHO *MAY DO THAT...* (AND I'M NOT SAYING FRED DOES)... *DOESN'T NEED ANALYSIS?!*

HE'S *HAD* IT! IT HASN'T DONE ANY *GOOD!* HE'S *STILL* WORKING AGAINST ME! HE *STILL* RESENTS ME! HE *STILL* WANTS TO FRUSTRATE ME!

WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT PROGRESS FRED *HAS* MADE, MR. CARTER. FIRST...

CONCERNING FRED'S *STEALING* OF HIS FRIEND'S *VALUABLES.* WATCHES... STAMPS... AND SO FORTH! *THAT'S* STOPPED! *RIGHT?*

FREDDY REALIZES NOW THAT HE WAS MERELY STEALING *SYMBOLS* OF THE *HAPPINESS, LOVE, AFFECTION,* AND *SECURITY* HE *COULDN'T* FIND AT *HOME!* THAT ANOTHER MOTIVE WAS *PUNISHMENT!* HE WANTED TO HURT *YOU,* BY *DISGRACE,* IN REVENGE FOR *YOUR HURTING HIM!*

H-HURT HIM!? WE... WE WANT TO *HELP* HIM!

ONLY BY MAKING HIM ACCEPT YOUR *OWN* WAY OF DOING THINGS...YOUR *OWN* OUTLOOK ON LIFE... YOUR *OWN* PREJUDICES! DO YOU CARE OR WONDER WHETHER YOUR WAY WILL MAKE HIM *SECURE*...OR *HAPPY?*

SECOND IMPROVEMENT! FRED'S LONG LIST OF ILLNESSES ... ASTHMA ATTACKS ... NAUSEA ... AND SO FORTH, WHICH HE PRODUCED AT THE DROP OF A CRITICISM! FRED UNDERSTANDS NOW THAT THESE WERE NOT *ORGANIC* ILLNESSES, BUT *PSYCHOSOMATIC* IN NATURE! THEY WERE ILLNESSES OF *PERSONALITY!* FRED CRAVED *ATTENTION... SYMPATHY*...RELIEF ...

...*ESCAPE* FROM THE PROBLEM OF TRYING TO PLEASE TWO PEOPLE PULLING HIM IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS! WHAT *BETTER* WAY TO DIVERT ATTENTION FROM HIS *REAL* TROUBLES THAN BY *IMAGINARY AILMENTS!?* AN ASTHMA ATTACK *WORRIED* YOU, SO YOU STOPPED *PICKING* ON HIM!

UNDERSTANDING HIS *TRUE* SUBCONSCIOUS MOTIVES, FRED NO LONGER *SUFFERS* FROM THOSE SUDDEN ATTACKS! THIRD...HE AVOIDED *SPORTS,* ALTHOUGH HE WAS *GOOD* AT THEM, IN ORDER TO *PENALIZE* MR. CARTER AND FOMENT *TROUBLE* BETWEEN HIS PARENTS!

HAH! HE *ADMITS IT!*

LET ME FINISH! FRED *UNDERSTANDS* HIS REASON FOR ATTEMPTING TO DIVIDE HIS PARENTS NOW, LIKE *MOST* MALE CHILDREN TILL THE AGE OF FIVE, HE *FAVORED* HIS MOTHER AND WISHED TO *REPLACE* HIS FATHER IN HER *AFFECTIONS!*

SO, HE *AVOIDED* SPORTS AND OTHER SO-CALLED MASCULINE PURSUITS IN ORDER TO *WIN* HIS MOTHER'S APPROVAL. BUT HE REALIZES NOW THAT HIS ATTEMPT TO MAKE HIS MOTHER DISLIKE HIS FATHER WAS AN *INFANTILE* DESIRE THAT HE MUST OUTGROW!

WELL, HE *HASN'T* OUTGROWN IT? NOT SO YOU CAN TELL BY THIS *REPORT CARD!*

WELL SUPPOSE YOU LET ME *TALK* TO FRED ABOUT THAT... *ALONE!*

SINCE THIS WAS TO BE HIS *LAST* SESSION *ANYWAY,* YOU CAN HARDLY OBJECT TO IT!

HIS...HIS *LAST* SESSION *ANYWAY!?* YOU MEAN HIS ANALYSIS IS *COMPLETE!*

AS FAR AS AN ANALYSIS CAN BE HELPFUL AT THIS MOMENT AND UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS...YES! NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
D-DID HE TELL YOU ABOUT THE REPORT CARD?
YES, FRED! HE DID! SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT! TELL ME WHY YOU DID SO WELL IN LITERATURE AND THE ARTS... AND SO POORLY IN SCIENTIFIC AND MATHEMATICAL SUBJECTS!
I...I DON'T KNOW WHY!
ARE YOU REALLY TRYING TO DO POORLY IN THE SUBJECTS YOUR FATHER CONSIDERS IMPORTANT?
I DON'T LIKE THEM!
BECAUSE HE DOES!
NO! I JUST DON'T LIKE THEM! I DON'T UNDERSTAND THEM AS WELL AS I DO THE OTHERS. I NEVER DID!
"I'D STUDY AND STUDY THEM...BUT NOTHING I'D READ WOULD MAKE SENSE TO ME. BEFORE EXAMS, I'D MEMORIZE THE WHOLE TEXTBOOK, HOPING SOMETHING WOULD STICK IN MY MIND...
GOOD HEAVENS, FRED! IT'S ONE IN THE MORNING! WHY AREN'T YOU IN BED!
BECAUSE I'M TAKING A GEOMETRY FINAL TOMORROW, AND I DON'T KNOW MY SUBJECT! I'VE STUDIED AND STUDIED... BUT IT'S NO GOOD!
IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD, YOU LITTLE FOOL! IF YOU FLUNK OUT, YOU CAN'T ENTER ENGINEERING SCHOOL! YOU'RE GOING TO PASS. YOU UNDERSTAND!? YOU'LL PASS OR I'LL BEAT YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE...
A-ALL RIGHT, THEN! BEAT ME! I CAN'T PASS! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING! I WON'T EVER KNOW ANYTHING!
YOU WILL BY HEAVENS! YOU WILL! FOLLOWING IN MY FOOTSTEPS IS THE ONLY THING I'VE ASKED OF YOU... AND, BY HEAVENS, I'LL HAVE IT! YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE ENGINEERING SCHOOL...OR YOU'LL BE THE SORRIEST BOY WHO EVER LIVED!

I...REMEMBERED WHAT WE *TALKED* ABOUT, DOCTOR...ABOUT ME DOING THINGS THAT MY FATHER DOESN'T LIKE BECAUSE I WANT TO *HURT* HIM! WELL, I *SWEAR*...I *SWEAR* I DIDN'T WANT TO HURT HIM *THIS* TIME! I *SWEAR* I DIDN'T WANT *REVENGE*... OR TO MAKE HIM *UNHAPPY!*
"I'VE ALWAYS LIKED READING...ALL KINDS OF READING...NOVELS...PLAYS...SHORT STORIES...HISTORY...PHILOSOPHY. READING MAKES ME DREAM. I LIKE TO DREAM. I'D STUDY AND STUDY THAT GEOMETRY BOOK...AND AFTER A WHILE...I'D GIVE UP. I'D READ..."
I'M GOING TO *WRITE*, SOMEDAY! I'M GOING TO PUT DOWN ALL MY IDEAS...ALL MY FEELINGS... MY HOPES...MY DREAMS...*EVERYTHING*...ON *PAPER!*
"AFTER I FLUNKED MY SCIENCE SUBJECTS FOR THE HALF, DAD PUT HIS FOOT DOWN. I WAS TO STUDY EVERY DAY...SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS, TOO..."
WHERE ARE *YOU* GOING WITH *THAT*...
OUT TO LIE ON THE HAMMOCK!
YOU'LL GO OUT THERE AND STUDY YOUR *MATH BOOK*...NOT SOME TRASHY COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES! YOU HEAR!? NOW GO GET YOUR *MATH BOOK!*
Y-YES, DAD!
"I'D DO WHAT DAD TOLD ME TO DO. BUT AFTER A WHILE... AS USUAL...I'D GIVE UP. I'D START READING. AND THERE WAS HECK TO PAY EVERY TIME DAD CAUGHT ME WITH A NOVEL INSTEAD OF A TEXTBOOK..."
D-DAD!
THE *DECEIT* OF YOU! THE *COLOSSAL DECEIT* OF YOU! PRETENDING TO STUDY YOUR *MATH* AND READING SOME CHEAP NOVEL *INSTEAD!* NO *WONDER* YOU FAIL EVERYTHING!
JOHN! WHAT *IS* IT?
THE *MOCKERY* OF IT! PUTTING A *MATH TEXT* ON THE *OUTSIDE* OF *THIS TRASH!* IS *THIS* HOW HE INTENDS TO PASS HIS SUBJECTS? THE DISGUSTING *CHEAT!*
BUT, *DAD!* I...I JUST CAN'T MAKE ANY *SENSE* OUT OF IT! MY BRAIN WON'T *GRASP* IT!
BUT IT GRASPS *THIS*, DOESN'T IT!? IT GRASPS FOREIGN LANGUAGES... HISTORY... ENGLISH! WHAT IT *WON'T* GRASP IS ANYTHING VALUABLE TO *ME!* SUDDENLY, FOR *ME*, THE *GENIUS* BECOMES AN *IMBECILE!*
FRED *ISN'T* AN IMBECILE! HE HAS A *LEANING* TOWARD THE ARTS...

NO! HE HAS A LEANING TOWARD YOU! LOOK AT YOU... COMFORTING HIM! LOOK AT HIM... LAPPING IT UP! THE FAILURE... AND THE ENCOURAGER OF FAILURE! THE TWIN ALLIES ... THE ENEMIES IN MY HOUSEHOLD!
THE TWIN CONSPIRATORS, DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF MAKING ME MISERABLE. WELL, YOU'VE SUCCEEDED! BUT I CAN PLAY AT YOUR GAME TOO! I'LL MAKE YOU AS UNHAPPY AS YOU'VE MADE ME! YOU, MY NOVEL-READING SISSY! NO MORE ALLOWANCE FOR YOU! NO NIGHTS OUT UNTIL AFTER FINALS AND YOU PASS!
AS FOR YOU, MY HELPMATE... MY LOYAL, COMFORTING WIFE! NOT ONE CENT OF MONEY DO YOU GET BEYOND HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES! THE MAID WILL BE FIRED! THE EXTRA CAR SOLD!
WE'LL IMPLEMENT YOUR PHILOSOPHY! MATH, PHYSICS, THE SCIENCES... THEY'RE TOO CRUDE... TOO UNPOETIC FOR OUR LITTLE LORD BYRON! FINE! THEN THE MONEY THAT COMES FROM SUCH CRUDITY... SUCH BASE, INSENSITIVITY... NAMELY ME... WE'LL CUT THAT OUT TOO!
IF I'M NOT WORTH FOLLOWING AS AN EXAMPLE, THEN MY WIFE AND SON NEEDN'T COLLECT THE BENEFITS OF MY BUSINESS AND ENGINEERING ABILITIES! THE ABILITIES YOU DESPISE AND UNDERMINE!
GO AHEAD! LOOK DOWN ON ME NOW!
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I FLUNKED FOR THE HALF! NOW THAT I'VE FLUNKED FOR THE TERM, HE'S TAKING AWAY EVERYTHING, INCLUDING MY ANALYSIS!
ALL RIGHT, FRED! THANKS! YOU WAIT HERE...
WELL, DOCTOR? ARE YOU THROUGH? I'D LIKE TO GET...
YES, I'M THROUGH WITH FREDDY'S ANALYSIS! NOW IT'S TIME TO BEGIN YOURS! BOTH OF YOU!
OURS!?

YES, *YOURS!* FRED HAS COME A *LONG WAY* SINCE HE ENTERED THIS OFFICE FOR THE FIRST TIME, BUT HE CAN GO *JUST SO FAR* AND *NO FURTHER* AS LONG AS HE LIVES WITH *YOU* THE *WAY YOU ARE!*

YOU'RE *INSULTING* US, DOCTOR! I WON'T...

I'M *ADVISING* YOU, MR. CARTER! YOUR SON DOESN'T *WANT* TO BECOME AN ENGINEER LIKE YOURSELF BECAUSE HE *DISLIKES* YOU TOO MUCH! HE *HATES* ALL YOU REPRESENT! *THAT'S* WHY HE FLUNKS HIS SCIENCES! HE *ASSOCIATES SCIENCE* WITH *YOU!*

I'M HIS *FATHER!* HE... HE HAS NO *RIGHT* TO DISLIKE ME!

HE'S YOUR *SON!* YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO *TYRANNIZE* HIM! OR YOUR *WIFE EITHER!* BUT YOU *DO!* YOU OUGHT TO FIND OUT *WHY* YOU HAVE THIS NEED TO *TYRANIZE*... TO *DOMINATE* LIKE YOU DO, MR. CARTER! IT'S *NOT RIGHT!* IT'S AN *EXTREME!* AND EXTREMES OF *ANY* KIND ARE *NEUROTIC!*

YOU *SEE!* I *TOLD* YOU! I ALWAYS *KNEW* YOU WERE A NEUROTIC!

AND *YOU*, MRS. CARTER! *YOUR* PERSONALITY IS AS SICK IN *ITS* WAY AS *MR. CARTER'S* IS! *YES*, MRS. CARTER! YOU'RE *EQUALLY RESPONSIBLE* FOR FRED'S UNHAPPINESS! THE MERE FACT THAT YOU COULD *ALLOW* YOUR *SON* TO COME BETWEEN *YOU* AND *MR. CARTER* IS ENOUGH OF AN INDICATION THAT *YOU* NEED HELP, *TOO!*

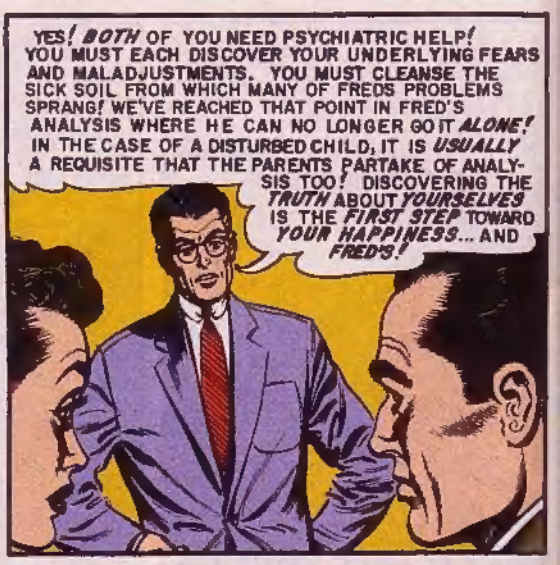
GOOD! TELL HER!

I'LL TELL YOU *BOTH!* YOU SENT FRED HERE, LOOKING FOR "*RESULTS*;" BUT *WHAT* WERE THE RESULTS YOU HAD IN MIND? EACH OF YOU... AT WAR WITH THE OTHER... WANTED TO SEE FRED THE IMAGE OF YOURSELF! YOU EACH HOPED FOR MY NOD OF *APPROVAL*... THAT *YOU* WERE *RIGHT* AND THE *OTHER WRONG!* WELL, YOU ARE *BOTH WRONG!* FRED IS *FRED!* YOU *CAN'T* MAKE HIM INTO SOMEONE *ELSE!*

THE TRUTH IS THAT NEITHER OF YOU GAVE *FRED* A *SINGLE THOUGHT!* YOU WERE TOO BUSY DESPERATELY WRESTLING WITH YOUR *OWN* PERSONALITY PROBLEMS! FREDDY HAS SOLVED MOST OF *HIS* DIFFICULTIES! NOW *YOU* MUST SOLVE *YOURS!*

LET ME GIVE YOU AN *ANALOGY:* A PERSON CONTRACTS MALARIA IN A MALARIA ATMOSPHERE. HE'S TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL AND CURED. HOW CAN HE *REALLY* BE CURED, WHEN, EVERY TIME HE *LEAVES* THE HOSPITAL, HE'S SENT *BACK* TO THE *SAME* ENVIRONMENT WHERE HE FIRST *CONTRACTED* THE ILLNESS... AND RE-EXPOSED TO THE *DISEASE?*

IN OTHER WORDS, FRED CANNOT UTILIZE THE THINGS HE'S LEARNED ABOUT HIMSELF IN THE HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT YOU OFFER HIM! UNLESS YOU CHANGE THAT ENVIRONMENT, HIS TASK OF ADJUSTING HIMSELF TO THE WORLD AND SOCIETY IS PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE!
IS...IS IT POSSIBLE, JOHN? DO...DO WE NEED HELP TOO?


YES! BOTH OF YOU NEED PSYCHIATRIC HELP! YOU MUST EACH DISCOVER YOUR UNDERLYING FEARS AND MALADJUSTMENTS. YOU MUST CLEANSE THE SICK SOIL FROM WHICH MANY OF FREDS PROBLEMS SPRANG! WE'VE REACHED THAT POINT IN FRED'S ANALYSIS WHERE HE CAN NO LONGER GO IT ALONE! IN THE CASE OF A DISTURBED CHILD, IT IS USUALLY A REQUISITE THAT THE PARENTS PARTAKE OF ANALYSIS TOO! DISCOVERING THE TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELVES IS THE FIRST STEP TOWARD YOUR HAPPINESS... AND FRED'S!

MAYBE...MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR! I...I'D LIKE TO GIVE IT A TRY! I...I'LL TRY ANYTHING!
GOOD! AND YOU, MRS. CARTER?

WHEN CAN WE BEGIN, DOCTOR?
I'LL ARRANGE FOR APPOINTMENTS WITH TWO OF MY COLLEAGUES! NOW? WHY DON'T YOU TELL FRED ABOUT YOUR DECISION...?

FRED! WILL YOU COME OUT HERE! YOUR PARENTS WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING...

...BUT BEFORE THEY DO, I WANT TO TELL YOU THAT THIS IS YOUR LAST VISIT HERE! YOU AND I HAVE GONE AS FAR AS WE CAN GO! IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR FATHER'S WISH TO TERMINATE YOUR ANALYSIS. COINCIDENTALLY, WE'D REACHED THIS POINT TODAY REGARDLESS! GOODBYE...AND GOOD LUCK! MR. AND MRS. CARTER, HE'S ALL YOURS!
FREDDY! SIT DOWN! WE... WE...
YOUR MOTHER AND I HAVE DECIDED...

THE PSYCHIATRIST SMILED AND RE-ENTERED HIS CONSULTATION ROOM. BEFORE RETURNING FREDDY CARTER'S FILE TO ITS PLACE IN THE CABINET, HE SCRAWLED ACROSS IT...
FREDDY CARTER
Therapy Completed
THE END

PATIENT'S NAME:

CASE NO. 103 · MALE
SESSION 4

MARK STONE

MARK STONE HAD MADE GREAT STRIDES SINCE STARTING HIS ANALYSIS. HE NO LONGER SUFFERED FROM PSYCHO-SOMATIC HEART PAINS CAUSED BY ANXIETY OVER HIS INNER CONFLICT BETWEEN PLEASING HIS FATHER'S WISHES FOR HIM TO "BE SOMEBODY" IN TERMS OF COMMERCIAL SUCCESS, AND HIS OWN DESIRE TO BECOME AN "ARTISTIC SUCCESS." HE'D ALSO REALIZED THAT HIS OVER-EATING WAS CAUSED BY HIS TWO-FOLD NEED FOR SECURITY AND ATONEMENT, FOR THE GUILT HE FELT FOR BEING ASHAMED OF HIS IMMIGRANT MOTHER. LASTLY, HE'D FOUND THAT HIS SUSPICION OF WOMEN, AND HIS FEAR OF FALLING IN LOVE STEMMED FROM THE FACT THAT HE JUDGED ALL WOMEN BY HIS MOTHER. NOW, SLIMMED DOWN, FREE FROM HIS "HEART ATTACKS", FREE TO LOVE, AND WISER CONCERNING HIS HOSTILITIES TOWARD THE OUTSIDE WORLD, MARK STONE ARRIVED FOR HIS FOURTH SESSION...

RIGHT! LET'S BEGIN THEN! YOU ONLY HAVE FORTY MINUTES LEFT!
THEN COMES THE NEXT SHIFT, EH? WHO FOLLOWS ME? A GIRL WHO THINKS SHE'S A POLAR BEAR? AN AMNESIA VICTIM? A...
LET'S NOT WORRY ABOUT THEM, MARK!
WHY WORRY ABOUT ME, EITHER?! WHO AM I? A NOBODY! A RAG ON LIFE'S REMNANT COUNTER! THE MORE I LOOK AT MYSELF, THE MORE I FEEL LIKE CLOSING MY EYES!
BUT NOT YOU, DOC! YOU'RE USED TO STARING THROUGH THE WINDOW OF A MAN'S MIND...POKING AROUND HIS SOUL...POINTING YOUR ANALYTICAL FLASHLIGHT AT THE DARK LITTLE MEMORIES HE'S TRIED TO HIDE IN THE CORNERS OF HIS BRAIN!
YOU'RE THE SCIENTIST! COOL! ALOOF! UNCONCERNED! I'M THE GUINEA PIG! HELPLESS! HOPELESS! SICK! TIED UP IN KNOTS! RIVETED TO THE PAST! MESSED UP! ANXIOUS!
YOU! YOU'RE AN OLYMPIAN GOD! YOU'RE ABOVE US FRAIL MORTALS! YOU DON'T GET SICK! YOU'VE GOT NO MONEY PROBLEMS. YOU DON'T YEARN TO LOVE...OR BE LOVED! YOUR INSIDES DON'T HAVE TO BE TURNED WRONG SIDE OUT...
I...I WISH I WEREN'T LYING HERE! I WISH I WERE ANYPLACE BUT HERE! WHAT AM I DOING HERE, ANYWAY!? BARING MY VERY SOUL TO A STRANGER...A PERFECT STRANGER!
WHY SHOULD YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT ME!? MY EARLIEST MEMORY TO WHAT I HAD FOR LUNCH TODAY! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU? AN INTRUDER IN MY LIFE! A PROFESSIONAL KIBITZER!

I FEEL LIKE GETTING OUT OF HERE! GRAB MY HAT...GRAB MY COAT... AND SCRAM! WHY DO I STAY? WHY? WHY?
YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT, MARK!
SURE! IF I WALK OUT OF HERE, I DON'T BUILD UP YOUR BANK ACCOUNT! YOU LISTEN TO MY RAVINGS, YEAH! AT SO MUCH PER HOUR! SOME FRIENDSHIP! SOME INTEREST YOU SHOW ME!
IF I DROPPED DEAD, YOU WOULDN'T TURN A HAIR! YOU'D JUST PUSH UP YOUR SCHEDULE TO FILL THE HOUR AND GET OFF TO THE GOLF COURSE THAT MUCH EARLIER!
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY, MARK?
I WANT TO QUIT! I'M SICK OF THIS ANALYSIS! I'M SICK OF LYING HERE ON THIS COUCH, SPILLING MY HEART OUT TO SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T CARE TWO PINS ABOUT ME!
YOU'RE THE GOD, AND I'M THE PYGMY! YOU'RE SOLOMAN AND I'M THE VILLAGE IDIOT? WELL, I'M SICK OF IT! YOU'RE NO SMARTER OR BETTER THAN I AM! WHY SHOULD YOU SIT IN JUDGEMENT OVER ME?
WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF, MARK?
I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING! I'M FED UP, THAT'S ALL! WITH YOU! WITH THIS ANALYSIS! WITH MYSELF! I WANT OUT!
NO ONE IS HOLDING YOU HERE, MARK! IT'S YOUR PRIVILEGE TO LEAVE AT ANY TIME!
IT'S EASY TO SAY THAT, ISN'T IT? YOU'VE PRACTICALLY CHAINED ME TO THAT COUCH!
WHERE, MARK? WHERE DO YOU SEE CHAINS?

YOU CAN'T *SEE* THEM! THEY'RE *INVISIBLE* CHAINS. BUT THEY'RE CHAINS JUST THE *SAME!* I'M...I'M *DEPENDENT* ON YOU! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M *THINKING* ANYMORE UNLESS YOU *EXPLAIN* IT TO ME! I DON'T EVEN HAVE A *BRAIN* ANY MORE!

I'VE BEEN LETTING YOU TALK BECAUSE I WANTED TO SEE THE DRIFT OF YOUR *THINKING*, MARK!

BUT, NOW...LET'S *EXAMINE* THIS SUDDEN HATRED YOU'VE DEVELOPED TOWARD ME! LET'S SEE UPON WHAT IT'S *BASED!* YOU SEEM TO RESENT MY MAKING MY *LIVING* ON YOU...

I DIDN'T *SAY* THAT...

BUT YOU *DID!* YOU SAID THAT IF YOU'D WALK OUT, I WOULDN'T BUILD UP MY *BANK ACCOUNT!* THAT IMPLIES THAT YOU FEEL YOU'RE ONLY IMPORTANT TO ME AS A MEANS OF *LIVLIHOOD!* DOESN'T IT...?

WELL...I... I DIDN'T MEAN TO *IMPLY*...

...AND YOU SEEM TO RESENT MY *SUCCESS* AND *ABILITY* AS A *PSYCHIATRIST*...

THAT'S NOT *TRUE!* I WOULDN'T HAVE *COME* HERE IF I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE *TOPS!*

WELL YOU *DO* OBJECT TO *SOMETHING* ABOUT ME! YOU WANT TO GET OUT OF MY OFFICE! YOU WANT TO FLEE FROM ME AS IF FROM A PLAGUE! NOW YOU EXPRESS A REBELLION AGAINST ME BY COMING *LATE* FOR YOUR SESSION...AS IF TO SAY TO ME, "YOU DON'T COUNT! I DON'T GIVE TWO CENTS FOR YOUR ANALYSIS! IT'S UNIMPORTANT!" WHAT *IS* IT, MARK?

I...I DON'T *KNOW!* I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* IT IS! ALL I KNOW IS I...I'M SO TIED UP WITH YOU AND THIS ANALYSIS, I EVEN *DREAM* OF YOU!

OH! AND *WHAT* DO YOU *DREAM*, MARK?

WELL, TAKE *LAST NIGHT*, FOR EXAMPLE! I DREAMED I WAS WRITING A SCRIPT...

"...I WAS GOING CRAZY WITH IT. IT WOULDN'T COME OUT RIGHT. AND I HAD A DEADLINE TO MEET, THEN..."

AREN'T YOU *FINISHED* YET? YOU SHOULD HAVE FINISHED *TWO* SCRIPTS BY NOW!

D-DOCTOR! IT... IT'S *YOU!*

"THE PERSON IN MY DREAM LOOKED LIKE YOU! BUT HIS VOICE WAS DIFFERENT! IT HAD AN ACCENT. A FOREIGN RASP..

WHY DO YOU CALL ME "DOCTOR"? I'M NOT A DOCTOR! THERE IS NO DOCTOR! GET TO WORK! MAKE A SUCCESS! MAKE A NAME!

THAT VOICE! WHO ARE YOU? I KNOW YOU!

IDIOT! OF COURSE YOU KNOW ME! I'M YOUR FATHER! STOP JABBERING! GET TO WORK!

YOU...YOU ARE M-MY FATHER! TH- THEN YOU... YOU WERE WEARING A MASK! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH IT?

WHAT MASK? WHAT'S TO HIDE? THERE'S NOTHING TO HIDE! LOOK AROUND YOU! YOU'RE HOME! HOME WITH YOUR FATHER! WHERE DID YOU THINK YOU WERE? WHAT DOCTOR? YOU HAVEN'T LEFT HOME FOR ONE MINUTE...

CHOKE...

THAT'S TRUE, ISN'T IT DOCTOR? I NEVER HAVE LEFT HOME, HAVE I? MY BODY MAY BE A THOUSAND MILES AWAY, BUT MY MIND LIVES IN THE PAST... WITH MY FATHER... WITH HIS TYRANNY AND RUTHLESS DRIVE TO SUCCEED.

IS THAT WHAT YOUR DREAM MEANS TO YOU, MARK? THEN WHY MY MASK ON YOUR FATHER'S FACE? WHAT DO YOU ASSOCIATE WITH A MASK?

DISGUISE! HIDING A TRUE IDENTITY! SOMEBODY PRETENDING TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE! FEAR! SCARING PEOPLE! SOMETHING TO BE AFRAID OF!

AM I SOMEONE TO BE AFRAID OF, MARK?

NO! IT... IT SHOULD BE THE OTHER WAY AROUND! MY FATHER WAS THE ONE I WAS AFRAID OF! HIS TYRANNY! HIS DOMINEERING WAYS! HIS AUTHORITY!

AND IS THAT WHAT YOU SEE BEHIND MY MASK, MARK? MY AUTHORITY? DO YOU FEEL THAT I'M EXERTING AUTHORITY OVER YOU BY ANALYZING YOU... BY PROBING INTO YOUR PAST... YOUR SECRETS?

BY YOUR OWN EMOTIONAL DEFINITION, WHOEVER EXERCISES AUTHORITY OVER YOU IS ACTING LIKE YOUR FATHER! TO YOU, YOUR FATHER IS AN ARCH-SYMBOL OF AUTHORITY! AREN'T YOU REBELLING AGAINST THIS AUTHORITY?

EVERYONE REBELS AT PUTTING THE DETAILS OF HIS INTIMATE LIFE IN THE HANDS OF A STRANGER, MARK! EVERY HUMAN BEING RESENTS BEING AN OPEN BOOK TO ANYONE ELSE! SO, YOU RESENT MY PROBING INTO YOUR INNER NATURE!
YOU RESENT MY UNCOVERING OF SECRETS YOU'VE BURIED DEEP IN YOUR UNCONSCIOUS! YOU RESENT MY GRASP OF WHAT YOU'VE HIDDEN FROM THE WORLD AND YOURSELF! YOUR EGO IS SUFFERING BECAUSE I HAVE A SUPERIOR INSIGHT INTO YOUR PROBLEM ...SUPERIOR TO YOURS!
YET YOU KNOW THAT IT'S MY BUSINESS TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE HUMAN MIND THAN YOU DO! PSYCHIATRY IS MY PROFESSION... AND YOU SHOULDN'T BE ANY MORE RESENTFUL OF MY SKILL THAN I SHOULD ENVY YOUR SKILL AS A WRITER!
BUT YOUR COMPETITIVE INSTINCT IS SO GREAT ...YOUR AGGRESSIVE DRIVE SO BITTER, THAT YOU HATE THE VERY SKILL THAT DISSECTS YOUR PROBLEM IN ORDER TO HELP YOU! YOU HATE HAVING TO LAY BARE TO ME YOUR INNERMOST SECRETS! YET YOU KNOW THAT YOU MUST DO IT IN ORDER FOR ME TO GET AT THE ROOTS OF YOUR DIFFICULTIES!
AND SO YOU RESENT THE AUTHORITY THAT COMPELS YOU TO DO IT! MY AUTHORITY!
AND JUST AS YOU TRIED TO ESCAPE YOUR FATHER'S AUTHORITY, YOU WANT TO ESCAPE MINE! HENCE, YOUR LATENESS... YOUR DESIRE TO END THE ANALYSIS!
I...I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, DOC! I... I DON'T KNOW! I...
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING MISSING, MARK! SOMETHING ELSE ABOUT ME YOU RESENT!
SOMETHING... ELSE...?
WAS THERE MORE TO YOUR DREAM, MARK?
Y-YES! TH-THERE WAS! THIS WAS A DIFFERENT SCENE! I WAS A KID OF TWELVE AGAIN...SLEEPING IN MY OLD ROOM IN OUR OLD HOUSE... UPSTATE! SUDDENLY...I DREAMED I WOKE WITH A START...
6

"I WAS FILLED WITH AN AWFUL KIND OF TERROR. I SAT UP IN BED, I CALLED OUT..."

MA!

"THERE WAS NO ANSWER. I GOT OUT OF BED AND RAN THROUGH THE HOUSE. IT WAS EMPTY..."

THEY'VE GONE! THEY'VE LEFT ME ALONE! MA!

"THERE WAS A NOTE ON THE TABLE. I PICKED IT UP...READ IT..."

DEAR MORRIS,
I HAVE GONE TO BERMUDA WITH PAPA! TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF! EAT GOOD! THERE'S FISH COOKED!
MAMA

"MY MOTHER...GONE TO BERMUDA, OF ALL PLACES! SHE'D NEVER TRAVELLED MORE THAN FIFTY MILES FROM HER HOME IN HER LIFE! IT WAS RIDICULOUS! ANYWAY...IN MY DREAM I BECAME ANGRY! I TURNED TO THE BAKED FISH ON THE PLATTER! I PICKED IT UP..."

I HATE FISH...

"...AND SMASHED IT ON THE FLOOR..."

HATE IT!

"SUDDENLY, THE HOUSE TURNED INTO A LABYRINTH. I PANICKED. I BEGAN TO RUN...WILDLY..."

MA! COME BACK! DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE! I NEED YOU! MA! I'M TRAPPED IN HERE! I'LL NEVER GET OUT! MA!

THEN I...I WOKE UP! F-FRANKLY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE DREAM, DOC...

WELL LET'S SEE IF WE CAN *ANALYZE* IT! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WHEN YOU THINK OF A TRIP TO *BERMUDA*, MARK?

A BOAT. THE SEA. WARM CLIMATE. VACATION. CUBA. *WAIT! YOU'RE GOING ON A VACATION! TO CUBA!*

THAT'S *RIGHT*, MARK. CUBA! AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF THE UNITED STATES! ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT YOU SUBSTITUTED *BERMUDA* FOR *CUBA* ■ YOUR DREAM? ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT YOU MADE *OTHER* SUBSTITUTIONS IN YOUR DREAM? WHAT ARE YOUR ASSOCIATIONS WITH *FISH*, MARK?

I DON'T KNOW! I ALWAYS *LIKED* FISH... BAKED FISH... THE WAY MOM MADE IT! ONCE I WENT *FISHING* AND SHE ...BAKED...THE ... *FISH! YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING TO CUBA TO... FISH!*

CORRECT! FISH! THE FOOD YOU SUDDENLY FOUND REPULSIVE IN YOUR DREAM. IN YOUR ANGER, YOU SMASHED THE PLATTER OF IT TO THE FLOOR! *WHY?*

I WAS *ANGRY!* MOTHER HAD *LEFT* ME! *DESERTED* ME! I WAS *TRAPPED!*

DESERTED WHERE? TRAPPED WHERE, MARK?

■ MY *OLD HOUSE!* ■ MY *CHILDHOOD!* I WAS TRAPPED... IN THE LABYRINTH OF MY... PAST...

CORRECT, MARK! YOU WERE FILLED WITH LONELINESS... FRIGHT...PANIC...THE TYPICAL EMOTIONS OF A *CHILD* SUDDENLY DESERTED BY HIS *MOTHER!* BUT WHO WAS *REALLY* DESERTING YOU, MARK? *WHO?*

YOU! IT WAS *YOU* I WAS REALLY DREAMING OF! *YOU! YOU* AND YOUR *VACATION* NEXT MONTH!

THAT'S ABOUT IT, MARK! AS YOU ASSOCIATE *AUTHORITY* WITH YOUR *FATHER*, SO YOU ASSOCIATE *LONELINESS* AND *LOSS OF SECURITY* WITH YOUR *MOTHER!*

... AND AS YOU ASSOCIATE *ME* WITH YOUR *FATHER*... MY SUPPOSED *AUTHORITY* OVER YOU...SO YOU ASSOCIATE *ME* WITH YOUR *MOTHER, TOO*...FOR *ANOTHER* REASON! *DEPENDENCY!*

THAT'S WHAT *ELSE* YOU RESENT, MARK! YOUR *DEPENDENCY* UPON ME! YOU'VE COME TO REALIZE HOW *MUCH* YOU DEPEND UPON ME AND YOU CAN'T *STAND* BEING DEPENDENT ON *ANYONE!*

ANOTHER BRILLIANT DEDUCTION FROM THE MASTER PSYCHIATRIST! *TELL* ME, DOCTOR! DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M THINKING *NOW?*

PROBABLY THAT YOU'D LIKE TO *STRANGLE* ME!

H-H-HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT?
WHAT?. THAT RIGHT NOW, YOU'D LIKE TO DESTROY ME? EXPERIENCE, MARK! IT CROPS UP IN ALMOST EVERY ANALYSIS!
AT SOME STAGE IN ALMOST EVERY ANALYSIS, THE ANALYST BEGINS TO INHERIT ALL OF THE HATES AND FEARS THE PATIENT FEELS AND HAS FELT TOWARD OTHERS. THIS IS CALLED TRANSFERENCE!
IN TRANSFERENCE, THE ANALYST BECOMES A SYMBOL FOR MOTHER... FATHER... SOCIETY... ANYONE OR ANYTHING OVER WHICH THE PATIENT HAS DEEP-SEATED EMOTIONS AND FEELINGS.
TAKE YOUR REACTION TO MY VACATION TRIP. YOU FELT LOST... SUDDENLY NEGLECTED AND YOU RESENTED THIS DEPENDENCY UPON ME. YOU LIKENED ME TO YOUR MOTHER... RESENTING THE DEPENDENCY YOU FELT TOWARD HER AS A CHILD.
YOU TOOK MY PROFESSIONAL OBJECTIVITY AS UNINTERESTEDNESS. YOU RATIONALIZED THAT MY ONLY INTEREST IN YOU WAS MONETARY. YOU RESENTED MY HOLD ON YOU... MY SUPPOSED AUTHORITY. YOU LIKENED ME TO YOUR FATHER... RESENTING HIS AUTHORITY OVER YOU AS A CHILD.
YOU TRANSFERRED ALL OF YOUR EMOTIONS... YOUR HATES... YOUR FEARS... ALL OF THE HOSTILITIES YOU BORE TOWARD YOUR PARENTS... TOWARD SOCIETY... TO ME!
I... I SEE, DOCTOR! THEN BY EXPRESSING THESE HATREDS... THESE HOSTILITIES... TOWARD YOU AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE REAL PERSON TOWARD WHICH THEY'RE ACTUALLY DIRECTED, YOU CAN THEN DIAGNOSE MY TRUE FEELINGS ABOUT THEM!
EXACTLY! WE CALL IT "RAPPORT" BETWEEN PATIENT AND ANALYST. ON SUCH AN UNDERSTANDING, YOUR EMOTIONS ARE FREELY REVEALED...
...AND WE CAN MOVE AHEAD TO A RE-EXAMINATION AND RE-APPRAISAL OF THESE EMOTIONS YOU LEARNED AS A CHILD WITH NEW UNDERSTANDING AND IN A NEW AND MATURE LIGHT!
THANKS, DOC. I... I WON'T BE LATE FOR MY NEXT APPOINTMENT! YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT!
9

A FIFTH DIMENSION?

Height, width, depth, time, and now—ESP, extra-sensory perception. Mental telepathy. These are the *five* dimensions—perhaps. One day, men may think their messages. Across space, distance. It has been done. It is being done. But for John Doe the day is still far off. Homo Sapiens, average human being, is not endowed with ESP. But—and it is a big but—some average human beings may be.

Beginning in the early 1930's, with the laboratory experiments of Doctor Rhine, at Duke University, researchers have proven that ESP exists.

Doctor J. G. Pratt and a student, Hubert Pearce, have communicated mentally though each sat in a building 250 yards removed from the other. Very simply put, Pratt would shuffle a deck of ESP cards, pick a card, place it face upward before him—and 250 yards away Pearce would list the card. In a controlled series of runs Pearce's correct guesses averaged 7½ per 25 cards. Chance, at best, would produce only 5 correct guesses per run.

In similar experiments between Professor B. F. Reiss of Hunter College and a young woman who was in her home *a quarter mile away*, the young woman averaged *18* correct cards out of each run of 25.

The distance involved in Professor Reiss's tests was spectacular—but more was to come. In 1949 Doctor S.G. Soal, using Mrs. Gloria Stewart in Antwerp, as one half of an ESP team, and an agent in London, averaged a score of 6.6 correct per 25. The odds against such an average are *five hundred million to one.*

ESP is not yet an established, everyday means of communication. Perhaps it will never be. And yet—who knows? The mind of man has been said to be infinite in its capacity to absorb and use knowledge and ability. Who can say that one day Homo Sapiens will not discard wires and electrons and all the physical means of communication which now exist in this world of ours, and beam thoughts as we now beam sound waves?

The wish, perhaps, is father to the thought. All ESP performances are subject to variation. Still, only a very few years ago man had only three dimensions. Today, hesitantly it is true, but still very definitely, men are beginning to think of the late Doctor Albert Einstein's "time" as a possible fourth dimension. Why not, then, a fifth? A dimension in which time and distance are telescoped, annihilated?

The thought is admittedly far fetched, verging on the telepaths of science fiction, but then, not too long ago the airplane did not verge on science fiction, it *was* science fiction. Similarly, if the mental powers of mankind continue to develop, today's experiments may be tomorrow's facts.

Picture it, if it is possible to picture such a scene. Huge cities—from which no hum of voices rises. Broad avenues where human beings walk silently, yet in complete mental rapport one with the other . . .

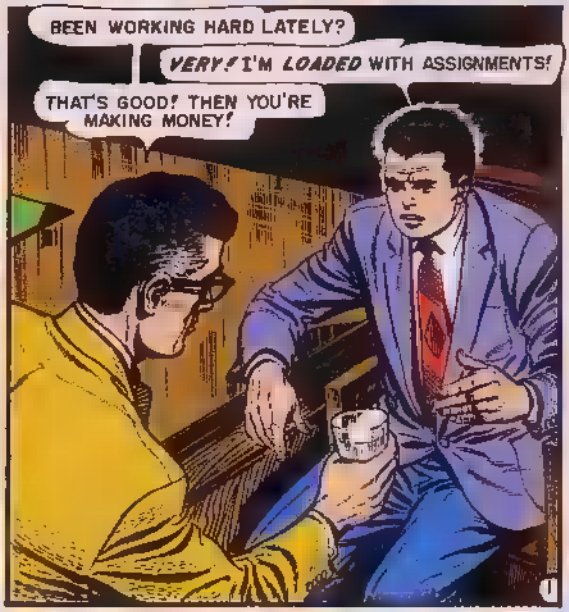
For today's man, the picture is too weird, too strange to be pleasant. But for Man, circa 100,000 A.D., again—who knows?

PATIENT'S NAME:

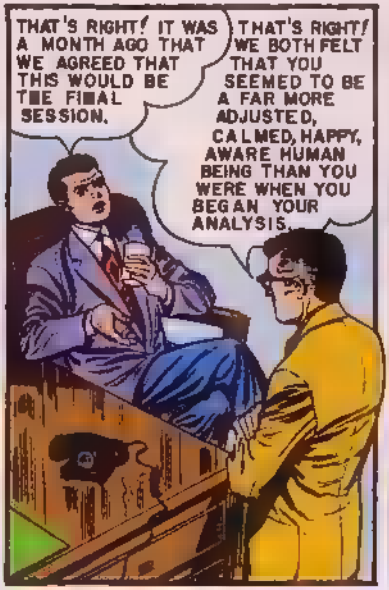
CASE NO. 103 · MALE
FINAL SESSIONS

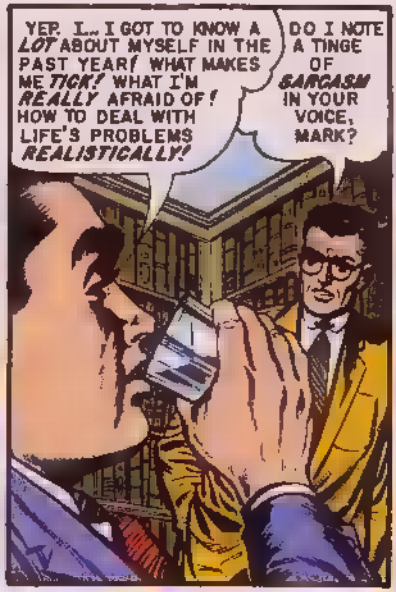
MARK STONE

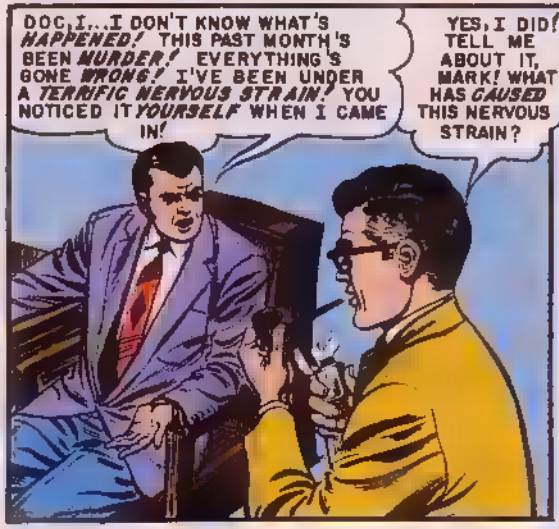
FOLLOWING THE SESSION DEALING WITH "TRANSFERENCE", MARK STONE PROGRESSED RAPIDLY. AT THE SESSION PREVIOUS TO THIS FINAL ONE (NOT ILLUSTRATED), THE PSYCHIATRIST AND THE PATIENT MUTUALLY AGREED THAT THE END OF THE ANALYSIS WAS NEAR...THAT A FEW MORE MEETINGS WERE ALL THAT WOULD BE NEEDED TO CONCLUDE THE ANALYSIS. THE PATIENT EXPRESSED HIS DELIGHT THAT THE END WAS IN SIGHT. BUT WHEN HE SHOWED UP FOR THIS FINAL SESSION, MARK STONE APPEARED DISTRAUGHT...INTENSELY NERVOUS... AGITATED... DISTURBED...

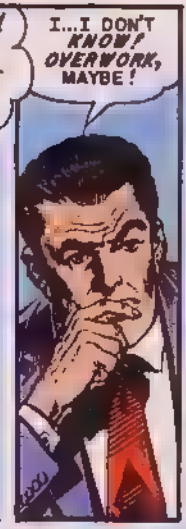


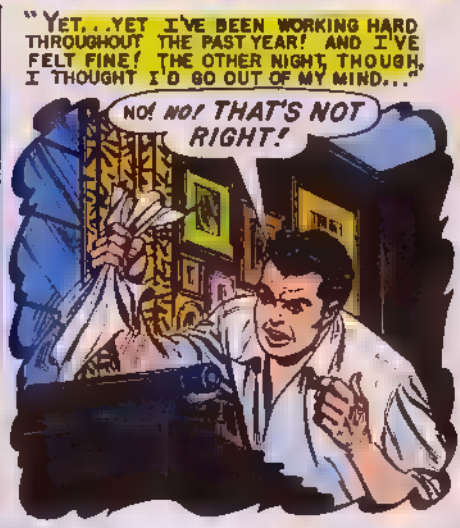
SO WHAT!? I'VE MADE MONEY BEFORE! IT HASN'T MADE ME HAPPY!
THEN IT'S SOMETHING ELSE, EH? SUPPOSE YOU BRING ME UP TO DATE. WE HAVEN'T SEEN EACH OTHER FOR NEARLY A MONTH!
ASPIRIN

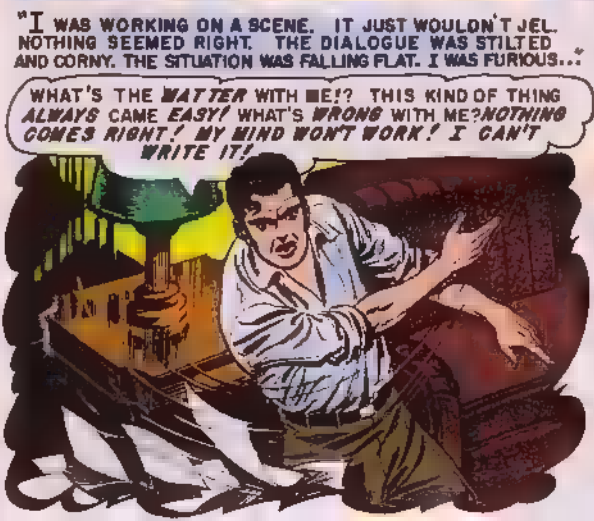

THAT'S RIGHT! IT WAS A MONTH AGO THAT WE AGREED THAT THIS WOULD BE THE FINAL SESSION.
THAT'S RIGHT! WE BOTH FELT THAT YOU SEEMED TO BE A FAR MORE ADJUSTED, CALMED, HAPPY, AWARE HUMAN BEING THAN YOU WERE WHEN YOU BEGAN YOUR ANALYSIS.

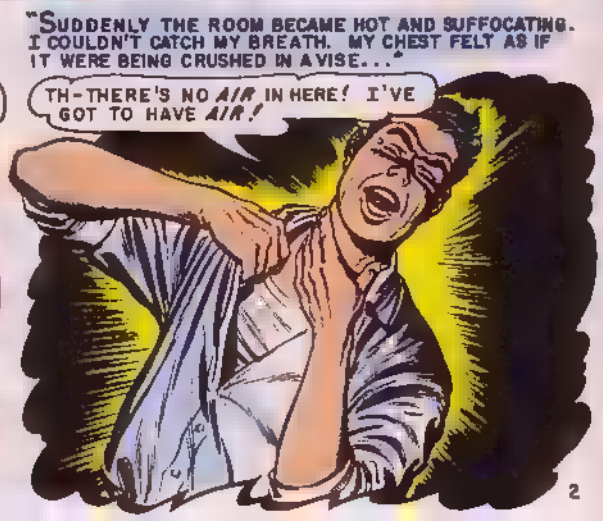

YEP. I... I GOT TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT MYSELF IN THE PAST YEAR! WHAT MAKES ME TICK! WHAT I'M REALLY AFRAID OF! HOW TO DEAL WITH LIFE'S PROBLEMS REALISTICALLY!
DO I NOTE A TINGE OF SARCASM IN YOUR VOICE, MARK?


DOC, I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED! THIS PAST MONTH'S BEEN MURDER! EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG! I'VE BEEN UNDER A TERRIFIC NERVOUS STRAIN! YOU NOTICED IT YOURSELF WHEN I CAME IN!
YES, I DID! TELL ME ABOUT IT, MARK! WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS NERVOUS STRAIN?


I...I DON'T KNOW! OVERWORK, MAYBE!


"YET...YET I'VE BEEN WORKING HARD THROUGHOUT THE PAST YEAR! AND I'VE FELT FINE! THE OTHER NIGHT, THOUGH, I THOUGHT I'D GO OUT OF MY MIND..."
NO! NO! THAT'S NOT RIGHT!


"I WAS WORKING ON A SCENE. IT JUST WOULDN'T JEL. NOTHING SEEMED RIGHT. THE DIALOGUE WAS STILTED AND CORNY. THE SITUATION WAS FALLING FLAT. I WAS FURIOUS..."
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME!? THIS KIND OF THING ALWAYS CAME EASY! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? NOTHING COMES RIGHT! MY MIND WON'T WORK! I CAN'T WRITE IT!


"SUDDENLY THE ROOM BECAME HOT AND SUFFOCATING. I COULDN'T CATCH MY BREATH. MY CHEST FELT AS IF IT WERE BEING CRUSHED IN A VISE..."
TH-THERE'S NO AIR IN HERE! I'VE GOT TO HAVE AIR!

"I STAGGERED TO THE WINDOW... FLUNG IT OPEN..."

A-AIR! I...I'M CHOKING!

"I STOOD THERE, GASPING FOR AIR... MY HEART POUNDING, AS A TERRIFIC DIZZINESS CAME OVER ME, THE STREET FAR BELOW SPUN CRAZILY... LEAPED UP TOWARD ME..."

"I COVERED MY EYES. THE STREET SEEMED TO BE WAITING FOR ME... CALLING ME. I FELT MYSELF BEING DRAWN OUT OF THE WINDOW...AS IF SOMETHING INSIDE OF ME WANTED TO HURL ITSELF DOWN TO THAT STREET... TO ESCAPE THE ROOM..."

NO! NO!

"I HAD TO RESIST THE IMPULSE FORCIBLY. I HAD TO PUSH MYSELF BACK AGAINST THE WALL TO GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW... TO AVOID GOING OUT..."

NO! NO!

"FINALLY, I STAGGERED AWAY...DROPPED INTO A CHAIR. I WAS TREMBLING ...EXHAUSTED...DRAINED OF STRENGTH ... FRIGHTENED..."

SOB...SOB...

WHAT HAD COME OVER ME, DOCTOR? WHY HAD I ALMOST BEEN READY TO TOPPLE OUT OF THAT WINDOW?

WAS THE EXPERIENCE REPEATED, MARK?

YES, BUT NOT IN EXACTLY THE *SAME* WAY! IN *DIFFERENT* WAYS! IN DIFFERENT *PLACES!* THE SAME FEELING OF SUFFOCATION! AS IF I WERE GOING TO DIE ON THE SPOT!

FOR EXAMPLE?

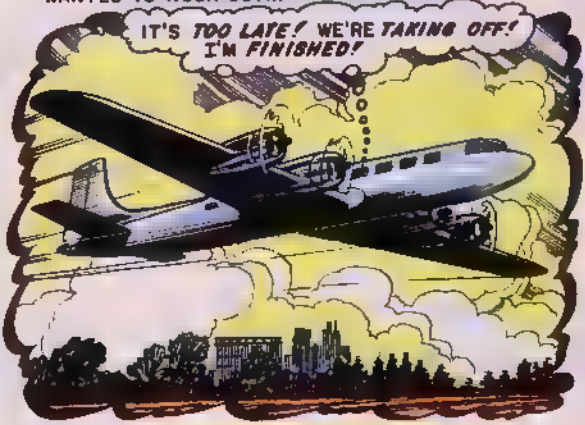
WELL... TAKE THAT DAY TWO WEEKS AGO. I'D HAD A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT AND I'D HAD TO FLY TO WASHINGTON FOR A SCRIPT CONFERENCE...

"EVERYTHING WAS FINE UNTIL I APPROACHED THE PLANE. THEN..."

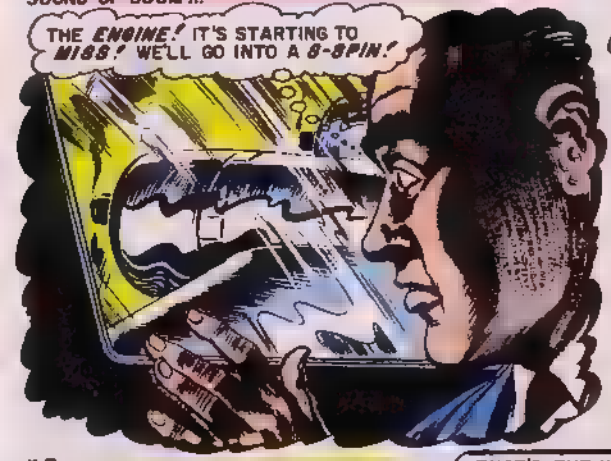
IS THERE SOMETHING *WRONG*, SIR?

"WRONG!? EVERYTHING WAS WRONG! I'D SUDDENLY HAD A STRANGE FEELING... A SUDDEN SICK INTUITION. I LOOKED UP AT THE PLANE... FASCINATED, YET TERRIFIED. I KNEW SUDDENLY THAT I'D NEVER RETURN FROM THAT FLIGHT... THAT I'D NEVER REACH WASHINGTON..."

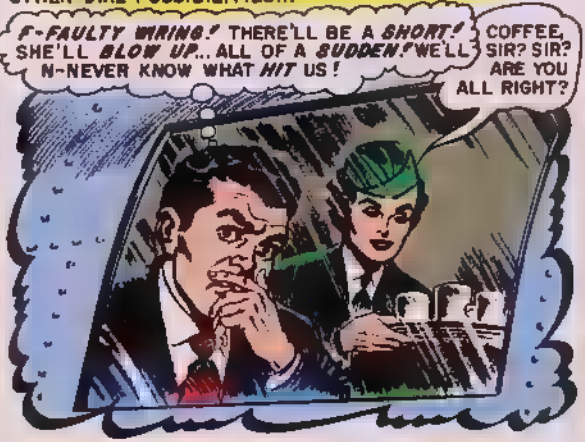
"I WAS ILL, ALL RIGHT. BUT NOT IN BODY. I WENT ABOARD, FIGHTING THE PANIC INSIDE ME. I WAS SO TERRIFIED BY THE IMAGES SHOOTING THROUGH MY MIND THAT I WAS NO SOONER IN MY SEAT THAN I WANTED TO RUSH OUT..."



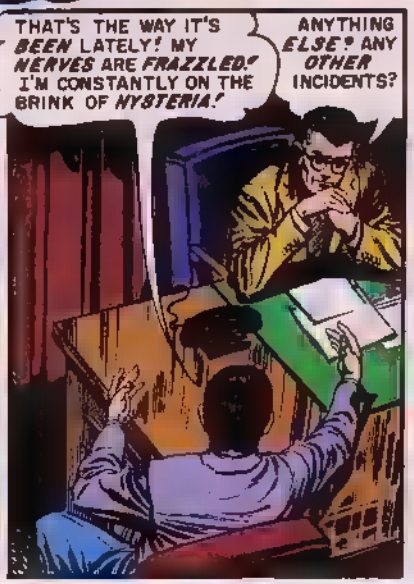
"TO EVERYONE ELSE, IT WAS PROBABLY ONE OF THE SWIFTEST, MOST UNEVENTFUL TRIPS OF THEIR LIVES. TO ME, IT WAS SHEER AGONY. I KEPT LISTENING FOR THE SOUND OF DOOM..."



"WHEN I HEARD NOTHING WRONG... NO STALLING OF THE ENGINES... NO STORM SPRINGING UP... NO SUDDEN MOUNTAINS REARING OUT OF NOWHERE, I SUBSTITUTED OTHER DIRE POSSIBILITIES..."



"I REACHED WASHINGTON IN ONE PIECE... PHYSICALLY. MENTALLY, I WAS A WRECK. I WAS IN NO CONDITION TO ATTEND THAT SCHEDULED MEETING..."



"I WAS APPROACHING THE ELEVATOR. SUDDENLY... DON'T ASK ME WHY... I COULDN'T STEP INTO THE CAR. AN IMAGE FLASHED THROUGH MY BRAIN..."

IT'S NOT GOING TO *REACH* THE THIRTY-SECOND FLOOR!

CAR, SIR? THIS CAR GOING UP!

"I KEPT SEEING THE CAR, STALLING... THE PASSENGERS, FRIGHTENED... THE OPERATOR, FRANTICALLY WORKING THE CONTROLS... THE FINAL SICKENING PLUNGE..."

THIS CAR GOING UP, SIR! STEP IN...

N-NO! *NO!* CHOKE...

"THEN IT CAME. MY HEART STOPPED BEATING. MY BREATH WAS CUT OFF. THE LOBBY SWIRLED BEFORE ME. THIS WAS THE *END!*"

IT'S... A... *HEART ATTACK!* I'M... *FINISHED!* I WON'T *LIVE* TO REACH THE *STREET!*

BUT I *DID* LIVE TO REACH THE STREET! I *WASN'T* FINISHED! AND DON'T *TELL* ME WHAT'S THE REAL CAUSE OF THESE ATTACKS! I *KNOW!*

OH?

THEY'RE NOTHING MORE THAN MY *OLD* ATTACKS OF ANXIETY *RECURRING!*

VERY LIKELY!

I'VE HAD A *RELAPSE* IN THIS PAST MONTH, DOCTOR— CAUSED BY *TENSION... OVER-WORK!* I'M AS SICK AS I WAS WHEN I *BEGAN* MY ANALYSIS. I *HAVEN'T* "COME ALONG" AS WE THOUGHT! I STILL *NEED* ANALYSIS! NOT AN *END* TO IT!

MARK! WHEN WE FIRST DISCUSSED THAT THE END OF YOUR ANALYSIS WAS IN SIGHT, YOU WERE *GLAD*, WEREN'T YOU?

YES! THAT'S WHAT I SAID!

"*SAID*"! THAT'S A KEY WORD! BUT WHAT YOU *FELT* WAS SOMETHING ELSE!

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

HOW DID YOU *FEEL*, MARK? TOWARD *ME*? THE *TRUTH!*
I... I DON'T KNOW! I... WASN'T TOO *HAPPY* ABOUT YOUR DECISION!

BUT IT WAS *OUR* DECISION! *YOU AGREED!*
WELL, IT *STILL* MADE ME UNHAPPY. I *STILL* DIDN'T LIKE IT... DOWN DEEP! I *KNOW* THAT!

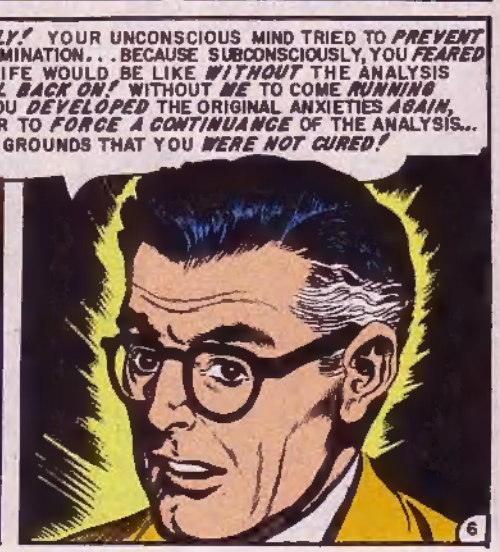
WAS IT BECAUSE IT SEEMED AS IF I WERE *BREAKING OFF* WITH YOU... *REJECTING* YOU, AS IT WERE?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

BUT, I *ASSURED* YOU THAT YOU WERE *CURED! ADJUSTED!* CAPABLE OF DOING *WITHOUT* MY HELP NOW! WHY SHOULD YOU FEEL *REJECTED?*
I DON'T *KNOW!* MAYBE... I'D COME TO LOOK *FORWARD* TO THESE SESSIONS! MAYBE I'D GOTTEN *USED* TO THEM! MAYBE...

MAYBE YOU'D COME TO BE *DEPENDENT* UPON THEM!
DEPENDENT!?

WELL, DESPITE WHAT YOU *SAID* ABOUT BEING GLAD, YOU ACTUALLY *REGRETTED* THE END OF THE ANALYSIS!
I GUESS SO!

AND THE *NEXT* THINGS THAT HAPPENED WERE SEVERAL RECURRANCES OF YOUR *OLD ANXIETY ATTACKS*... THE *OLD PANICS*... THE *OLD TERRORS!* CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND *NOW* WHY THEY RETURNED?
B-BECAUSE I... I DIDN'T *WANT* THE ANALYSIS TO BE OVER? I DIDN'T *WANT* THIS TO BE THE LAST SESSION?


EXACTLY! YOUR UNCONSCIOUS MIND TRIED TO *PREVENT* ANY TERMINATION... BECAUSE SUBCONSCIOUSLY, YOU *FEARED* WHAT LIFE WOULD BE LIKE *WITHOUT* THE ANALYSIS TO *FALL BACK ON!* WITHOUT *ME* TO COME *RUNNING* TO! YOU *DEVELOPED* THE ORIGINAL ANXIETIES *AGAIN*, IN ORDER TO *FORCE A CONTINUANCE* OF THE ANALYSIS... ON THE GROUNDS THAT YOU *WERE NOT CURED!*

WELL...WELL...GRANTED THAT WAS MY UNCONSCIOUS MOTIVE! THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN MY ACTIONS WITH LAURA!
LAURA! THAT NAME DOESN'T RING A BELL!
THE GIRL I TOLD YOU ABOUT! THE ONE WHOSE PICTURE I CARRIED SECRETLY IN MY WALLET.
OH, YES! WELL...WHAT HAPPENED WITH LAURA?
IT WAS ABOUT THREE WEEKS AGO! I...I'D DECIDED TO TAKE THE PLUNGE! I BOUGHT A RING!
"BUT WHEN I BROUGHT IT OUT..."
"THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HER EXPRESSION THAT FILLED ME WITH UNEASINESS. A GIRL WHO'S IN LOVE WITH A GUY SHOULD SHOW JOY AT THE SIGHT OF AN ENGAGEMENT RING... NOT HESITATION..."
O-GOOD GRACIOUS, MARK! ARE YOU SERIOUS!
WELL, OF COURSE I AM, LAURA! DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A RING? I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU. I WANT TO MARRY YOU!
I...I NEVER THOUGHT YOU FELT THAT WAY ABOUT ME, MARK! YOU...NEVER GAVE ME THE SLIGHTEST HINT! WE... WE NEVER SPOKE OF LOVE... OF MARRIAGE...OF PERMANENCE!
IT HIT ME THE OTHER NIGHT, LAURA! WHAT YOU ARE! HOW MUCH I NEED YOU! HOW HAPPY I'D BE, MARRIED TO YOU! D-DON'T YOU LOVE ME?
I...I'M VERY ATTRACTED TO YOU, MARK! I...I'M NOT SURE I LOVE YOU, THOUGH. THIS...THIS ALL COMES AS A SURPRISE TO ME! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE THAT KIND OF PERSON!
WHAT DID YOU THINK? THAT I'M SOME NEUROTIC FREAK? SOMEONE WHO CAN'T FEEL EMOTION FOR ANOTHER HUMAN BEING? WHO'S ONLY IN LOVE WITH HIMSELF? DON'T YOU THINK I'M CAPABLE OF LOVING SOMEONE?
I...I DON'T KNOW, MARK! I DON'T REALLY KNOW! KEEP THIS...PLEASE! PERHAPS... LATER...PERHAPS AFTER WE KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER...

SO SHE GAVE ME BACK THE RING! THE FIRST RING I EVER GAVE ANY GIRL...AND I GOT IT FLUNG BACK IN MY FACE!
HAVE YOU SEEN HER SINCE, MARK?
OF COURSE! YOU DON'T THINK I'D GIVE UP THAT EASY. THIS GIRL WAS FOR ME! I'D MADE UP MY MIND...
"I BEGAN TO SEE MORE OF HER...MUCH MORE. I TOOK HER TO THE THEATER...TO NIGHT CLUBS. I WINED HER AND DINED HER. I WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE HER LOVE ME... TO MARRY ME..."
DO YOU LIKE ME BETTER NOW, LAURA, OR AM I STILL NOWHERE?
YOU NEVER WERE NOWHERE WITH ME, MARK... OR I WOULDN'T BE HERE... DANCING WITH YOU!
THEN SAY "YES," LAURA! SAY YOU'LL MARRY ME!
P-PLEASE, MARK! DON'T ASK ME! I... I WOULDN'T WANT TO HURT YOU FOR ANYTHING IN THE WORLD!
BUT YOU MUST, ISN'T THAT IT? THE ANSWER IS "NO," ISN'T IT? YOU DON'T FEEL ANYTHING FOR ME!
MARK! PLEASE! I DIDN'T SAY THAT! GIVE ME TIME...
THAT'S THE WAY IT WENT...ALL THIS PAST MONTH. ME BEGGING HER...AND SHE PUTTING ME OFF...
CAN'T WE TALK ABOUT IT NOW, LAURA? ABOUT OUR ENGAGEMENT!
N-NOT YET, MARK! LET ME THINK ABOUT IT... A LITTLE LONGER...
"AND THEN, THIS PAST SATURDAY NIGHT, IT HAPPENED. I'D TAKEN LAURA TO A HOUSE PARTY I'D BEEN INVITED TO. I GOT TIED UP WITH THE HOST FOR AN HOUR OR SO, AND WHEN I LOOKED FOR LAURA, I FOUND HER ON THE TERRACE...
...CHOKE...
"SHE WAS WITH THIS GUY SHE'D MET ONLY THAT EVENING.. SOME TWO-BIT T.V. ACTOR! THERE WAS A LOOK IN HER EYE ...IN THE WAY SHE WAS SMILING AT HIM THAT FILLED ME WITH A JEALOUS RAGE. SHE'D NEVER LOOKED AT ME LIKE THAT..."
YOU...YOU PERFUMED, MASCARAED, TWO-TIMING...! YOU NEEDED TIME TO SAY JUST ONE WORD OF KINDNESS TO ME! BUT YOU MEET THIS CHUMP ONLY AN HOUR AGO AND YOU'RE FAWNING OVER HIM LIKE A... LIKE A...
MARK! GASP...

I TURNED ON MY HEELS AND STALKED OUT! I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE! BUT SHE HASN'T BEEN OUT OF MY MIND FOR A MINUTE! I *NEED* THIS GIRL, DOC! SHE MEANS *EVERYTHING* TO ME!

HAVE YOU ASKED YOURSELF EXACTLY *WHY* YOU NEED THIS GIRL, MARK? *WHY* YOU SUDDENLY MADE UP YOUR MIND TO MARRY HER?

ISN'T IT TRUE THAT YOU SUDDENLY MADE UP YOUR MIND TO PROPOSE TO LAURA *AFTER* OUR *LAST SESSION*, WHEN YOU *KNEW* YOUR ANALYSIS WAS ALMOST AT AN *END!* SUDDENLY YOU DREADED THE *FUTURE!* DREADED A KIND OF *LONELINESS!* A KIND OF *ABANDONMENT!* YOU WANTED DESPERATELY TO LAY DOWN *NEW ROOTS*... A NEW *SUBSTITUTE* FOR ANALYSIS... FOR *ME* AND YOUR *DEPENDENCY* UPON ME!

SO *LAURA* BECAME YOUR TARGET. IN YOUR TERROR... IN THE TERROR THAT *MANY* PATIENTS HAVE OF FACING THE TERMINATION OF ANALYSIS, YOU CLUTCHED AT A *STRAW!* SOMETHING TO *HOLD ON TO!* SOMETHING TO *LEAN ON!* LAURA WAS IT! BUT EVEN *SHE* SENSED THIS TOO DESPERATE NEED ON YOUR PART. SHE WAS SUSPICIOUS OF YOUR *MOTIVES*, MARK... AND *RIGHTLY SO!*

YOU TURNED TO *LAURA*, EXPECTING *HER* TO SUPPLY YOU WITH THE PROTECTIVE ATMOSPHERE YOU WERE *LOSING* BY THE ENDING OF YOUR *ANALYSIS!* WHEN SHE *REFUSED*, YOU TOOK THIS AS *REJECTION!* YOU REVERTED BACK TO YOUR *OLD FEELINGS* ABOUT *WOMEN*... THE WAY YOU REGRESSED BACK TO YOUR *OLD ANXIETIES!*

YOU MUST NOT MAKE LAURA A *CRUTCH*, MARK... ANY MORE THAN YOU SHOULD MAKE YOUR *ANALYSIS* A CRUTCH UPON WHICH TO LEAN. YOU MUST NOT BE *AFRAID* OF THIS WITHDRAWAL FROM ANALYSIS. A TERMINATION OF *ANY* KIND IS PAINFUL! BUT WE *ALL* ADJUST! *YOU* CAN ADJUST, *TOO!* I *KNOW!*

THIS TERMINATION IS A *GOOD ONE!* IT MEANS THAT YOU'RE *WELL ENOUGH NOW* TO FACE THE WORLD AND SOCIETY AND THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE... AND TO *ADJUST* TO THEM *MATURELY* AND WITH A MINIMUM OF *DISCOMFORT!*

A FEW MORE SESSIONS, AND YOU WILL NO LONGER *NEED CRUTCHES* OF *ANY KIND*, MARK! YOU'LL BE A *CURED MAN!*

THANKS, DOCTOR. THANKS A LOT!

THREE SESSIONS LATER, HIS ANALYSIS FINALLY CONCLUDED, THE PATIENT, MARK STONE, WALKED OUT OF THE PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE A COMPLETE, INTEGRATED, KNOWING HUMAN BEING... CAPABLE OF MEETING AND DEALING WITH LIFE'S PROBLEMS, INSTEAD OF BEING CRUSHED BY THEM. BEFORE REPLACING HIS FILE, THE PSYCHIATRIST SCRAWLED ACROSS IT...